

Englands Joy in a Lawful Triumph.

Bold Phanaticks now make room
As it was voted in the House on May-day last 1660.

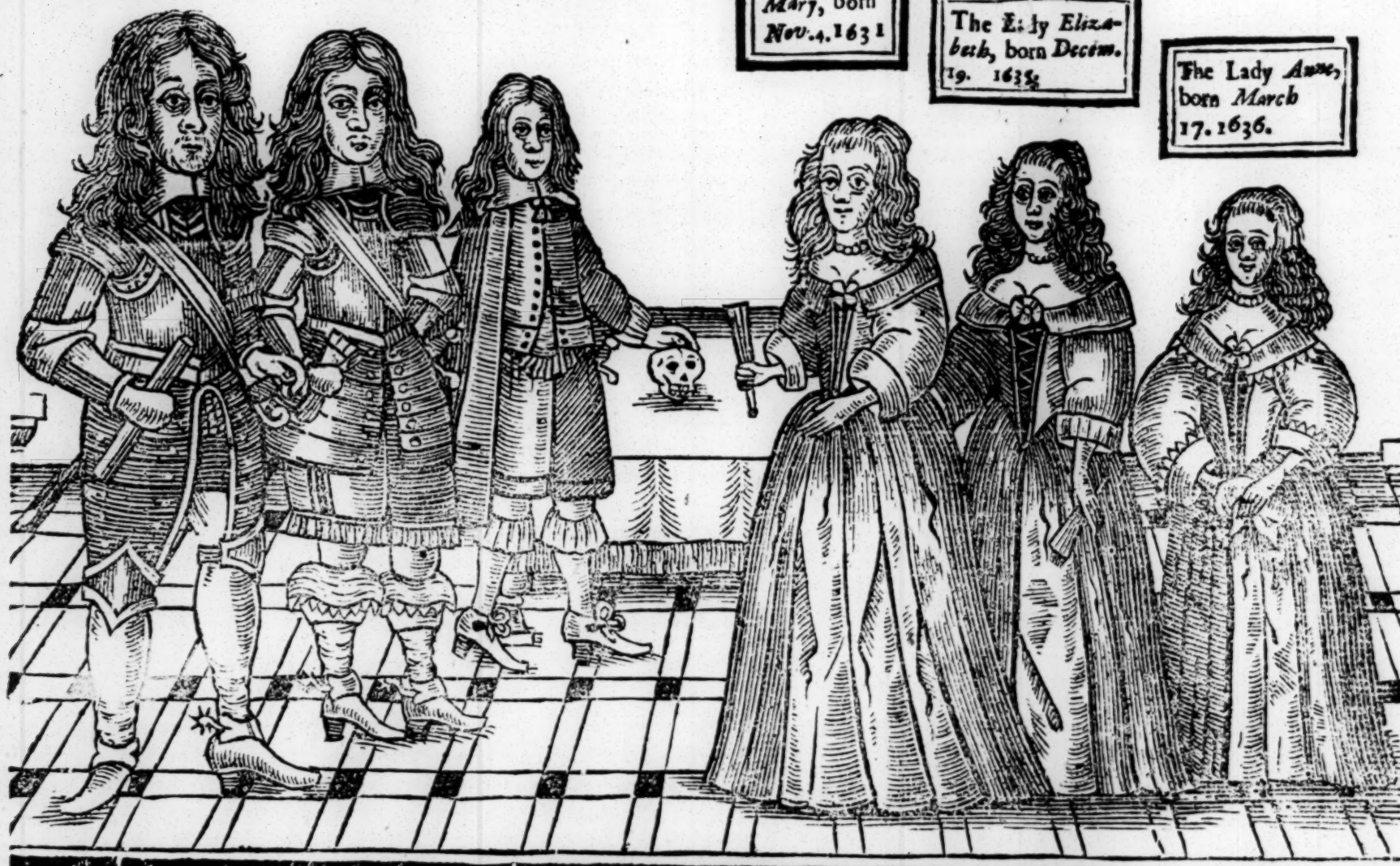
CHARLS the Second's coming home.
To the Tune of, Packingtons Pound.

King *Charls*, born *May 29. 1630.* Duke *James*, born *Octob. 13. 1633.* Henry Duke of Glo-
cester, the third Son.

The Lady
Mary, born
Nov. 4. 1631

The Lady *Eliza-
beth*, born *Decem.
19. 1635*

The Lady *Anne*,
born *March
17. 1636.*



Hold up thy head England, and now shew thy face
That eighteen years hath held it down with disgrace
Thy comforts are coming, then cheer up thy looks
Thy hopes, like thy gates, are quite off of the hooks
Thy blessings draw near
Thy joy doth appear
With much expedition thy King will be here
May all the rich pleasures that ever were reckon'd
Attend on the Person of King Charls the second.

The Bride and the Bridegroom did never so greet
As the King and his People together will meet,
Though some are against it, 'tis very well known
That those that bee for it are twenty for one,
Who with them will bring
Allegiance and sing
With voices of Loyalty, God save the King,
May all, &c.

There's none are against it, but what are partakers
With Jesuits, Jews, Anabaptists and Quakers,
But hee (like a Lion that's rous'd from his den)
Will pull down the pride of Fifth-Monarchy Men,
The Preaching-house-bangers
With all their Enchanters
The proud Independents, the Protestants and Ranters
With all the vile Sectaries that can bee reckon'd
Wee hope will bee routed by King Charls the second.

The benefits which will accrue to this Land
Are more than wee suddenly can understand
There's no man of merit, in Arts or in Trade
But if hee endeavour may quickly bee made,
Our Trade will increase
And so will our peace
And this will give many poor prisoners release
May all the rich pleasures that ever were reckon'd
Attend on the Person of King Charls the second.

Then aged Pauls, the people still hold up thy head
For under thy roof shall Gods Service bee read
And there shall be set up the Communion Table
When they shall bee hang'd up that made it a stable
And have no reprieves
For god men it grieves
That Gods house of prayer should be a den of thieves
May all, &c.

The Law and the Gospel shall freely bee taught
Which lately unto the Barebone hath been brought
Our Doctrine and Worship shall flourish again
In spite of the pride of Schismatical men
God Learning and we
Shall alwayes agree

The two Universities cherished shall be
Then may all the blessings that ever were reckon'd
Be attributed unto King Charles the second.

Our mirth and good company shall not bee checkt
By such as do nickname themselves the Clea
But wee will bee merry, and spend an odd teaster
At Christmas, at Whitsontide, Shrovetide and Easter
Wee'l play our old pranks
Rejoyce and give thanks
And those that oppose wee will cripple their thanks
May all the rich pleasures that ever were reckon'd
Attend on the Person of King Charls the second.

Our Exchange shall bee filled with Merchants from far
'Tis better to deal in good Traffick than war
With all Neighbour Nations wee'l shake hands in peace
By that means our treasure and trade will increase
With France and with Spain
Wee'l make leagues again
Wee thank them for succouring our Sovereign
May all, &c.

Our Shipping in safety shall sale on the Seas
To Italy, Naples or what Port they please
Then riches from every Country they'l bring
To profit the people, and pleasure the King
Much good wee shall reap
And treasure up-heap
God wine and Claret, and Hack will be cheap
Then wee will drink healths till they cannot be reckon'd
To Gloster, to York, and to King Charls the second.

Our Pipe and Organ shall then be divided
And into the holy Cathedrals bee guided
Our Quilters small, and our tall singing men
Shall joyfully chant to the Organ again
The Surplice so torn
Shall newly be worn
And all the fair Rites that the Church do adorn
Twice twenty times more than can rightly bee reckon'd
To the honour of God, and for King Charls the second.

The banished Nobility then shall return
Who long time in disconsolation did mourn
And when they'r well settled like right Noble men
Good house-keeping will bee in fashion again
The poor that will wait
Without at the gate
Shall have their benevolence at a good rate
May all, &c.

Our Taxes will grow less and less, I suppose
For wee have been very much troubled with those
Excise-men (I hope too) in time will go down
'Tis they are the torment of Country and Town,
The Magistrates then
Shall bee honest men
The Parson shall challenge his tythe-pig again
May all, &c.

Wee shall bee the joyfullest Nation on earth
When once the King comes home to compleat our mirth
Wee shall bee the envy of Nations unknown
When King Charls the second is first in his Throne,
The Triumphs that then
Shall bee among men
Will prove a good Subject for every good pen
May all, &c.

Now God send him with expedition I pray
For every good Subject doth long for the day
The bells shall ring out, and the Conduits run wine,
The bonfires shall blaze till our faces do shine
And as the sparks fly
Like the Stars in the sky,
Lord succour, preserve him, and guide him, wee'l cry
May all the rich blessings that ever were reckon'd
Attend on the presence of King Charls the second.

FINIS.

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